

61
THE
BEAUTIES
OF THE
UNIVERSE.
A
POEM.

By a Gentleman of the N A V Y.

*Cœlestem admirabilem ordinem, incredibilemque constantiam,
ex qua conservatio, & salus omnium omnis oritur, qui
vacare mente putat, is ipse mentis expers habendus est.
Nemo cunctam intuens terram, de divina ratione dubi-
taret. Cicero de Natura Deorum, Lib. II.*

L O N D O N

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for



To the Honourable

JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

Secretary to the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners for executing the Office of LORD-HIGH-ADMIRAL of Great-Britain and Ireland, &c.

HONOURED SIR,



TAK E the Liberty to
address the following
Poem to You, as a
Testimony of my grate-
ful Acknowledgments
for Favours received. It is chiefly

A 2

the

DEDICATION.

the Fruit of Reflexions in some solitary Walks, at that Season of the Year when *Nature* appears in her richest Embroidery; and when (as a fine Writer observes) every Scene displays so many Beauties, that it is impossible for a Mind, which is not sunk in gross and sensual Delights, to take a Survey of them without the most lively Pleasure; for at the same time that the Eye is feasted with an infinite variety of lovely Objects, there will naturally arise in the Soul of a thoughtful Man such a rational Admiration as is little inferior to Devotion.

As

DEDICATION.

As this Address springs from Gratitude, I cannot but flatter myself it will be favourably receiv'd, and that an unprotected Muse, which flutters like a Bird that hath just taken the Wing, and fears to soar with tender Plumes, will be kindly shelter'd under your Patronage.

The Subject I have chosen is great and noble, and requires the masterly Hand of a *Pope*, or a Genius sublime as his. But meanly as I may have treated it, I hope however you will indulgently judge, that I have not entirely lost the Hours spent on a Theme so delightful!

Pardon

DEDICATION.

Pardon me, Sir, if I venture to trace you in a Retirement from publick Business, where what you have perform'd demonstrates how usefully your Time hath been employ'd. But this reminds me to trespass no longer than to subscribe my self, with the utmost Gratitude and Respect,

Honoured S I R,

Your most obliged, obedient,

and devoted


humble Servant,

Bridgewater-Square,
January, 1731-2.

R. G.



THE
P R E F A C E.

HE reading an Essay on the Subject of the following Poem, written by an ingenious Gentleman of my Acquaintance, who died some Years ago, was a Motive to my undertaking this Performance: I mean Mr. Henry Needler, whose Works were published by Mr. William Duncombe, a worthy Friend of that truly valuable Man.

How unequal soever I may be to this Task, yet I think I could not have better employ'd my self, in my vacant Hours, than on a Theme, which, if rightly attended to, cannot fail to impress the Mind with those awful Notions of -a God, which every Man ought to

The P R E F A C E.

to have; whose Name the great Boyle (that curious Observer of Nature) could never bear mention'd without a Pause, or silent Adoration, as Bishop Burnet observes in his Sermon at the Funeral of that Gentleman.

For the Hints relating to the Silk-Worm, I own my self chiefly indebted to a little Piece on the Metamorphoses of that Creature, which was first published in one of our Plantations abroad, and afterwards in the Papers here, under the Title of, The Meditation of CASSIM the Son of AHMED. The Author of it is pleas'd to tell his Readers, that it was translated from an Arabian Manuscript; but whoever peruses the same, will find it breathes a Christian Spirit, notwithstanding he has dress'd it up in bold Metaphors, and in that pompous Style which is peculiar to the Eastern Nations.

I own, with pleasure, that I am also indebted for the Thought on the Acorn to an ingenious Epigram, written by Mr. Lewis Duncombe, late of Merton College, Oxon; a young Gentleman of the most amiable Accomplishments, who died there of the Small-Pox the

The P R E F A C E.

26th of December 1730, in the 19th Year
of his Age, greatly lamented by all who had
the happiness of his Acquaintance, on account
of his promising Parts and blooming Virtues. ---
But,

Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinunt. ——— Virgil.

For the Entertainment of the Reader, I will
insert the Epigram I here refer to; as also the
Translation by a distinguish'd Hand, viz.

De Minimis Maxima.

Exiguâ crescit de glande altissima quercus,
Et tandem patulis surgit in astra comis;
Dumque anni pergunt, crescit latissima moles,
Mox secat æquoreas bellica navis aquas:
Angliacis hinc fama, salus hinc nascitur oris,
Et Glans est nostri præsidium imperii.

Translation.

From a small Acorn, See! the Oak arise,
Supremely tall, and tow'ring in the Skies:
Queen of the Groves her stately Head she rears,
Her Bulk increasing with the length of Years;
B Now

THE PREFACE.

Now ploughs the Seas, a warlike gallant Ship,
While in her Womb destructive Thunders sleep:
Hence Britain boasts her wide extensive Reign,
And by th' expanded Acorn rules the Main.

As this is the first publick Flight of my Muse, I hope my Imperfections will be regarded with a favourable Eye; and this I persuade my self they will by the more judicious part of my Readers. As for those who read chiefly to find fault, I shall only wish they may not spend their Time to a worse purpose than I have done, who have chose BEAUTY for my Subject; and if it is not treated as the Dignity and Importance thereof requires, yet I trust I shall be found to have said enough rather to put them on extending their Contemplations, and considering the astonishing Indulgence of our great Creator to Us, on whose Bounty we live, and from whose Stock we daily spend.



Now

THE



THE
BEAUTIES *of the* UNIVERSE.

O Lord, how manifold are thy Works! in Wisdom
hast thou made them all: The Earth is full of
thy Riches. Psal. civ. 24.

He hath made every Thing beautiful in his Time:
Also he hath set the World in their Heart, so
that no Man can find out the Work that God
maketh from the beginning to the end.

Eccles. iii. 11.



WHEN Universal Nature I survey,
And mark eternal Wisdom's bright Display,
Where all is beauteous, all is wisely
wrought,
Surpassing far the reach of Humane Thought:

Fully convinc'd, that God in all things shines,
 Assenting Reason straight my Soul inclines
 To love, adore, and that great Being praise,
 Who did from Nothing this fair Structure raise!

Those gay Appearances! those Wonders great!
 Who says they are the Work of *Chance*, or *Fate*?
 Doth not a Being infinitely wise,
 Who to each Creature's Wants affords Supplies;
 Who charms, and who delights our ev'ry Sense
 With Wisdom, Order, and Beneficence;
 Whose Bounty, Pleasure to Convenience adds,
 Who both with Beauty and with Plenty glads,
 Confest alike in this Variety,
 Appear in all the Objects that we see?

Observe that Arch, the Firmament above,
 Replete with Orbs which regularly move,
 Where Sun and Moon, and Stars alternate sway,
 These rule the Night, as he commands the Day.

From Eastern Gates the Sun, with vig'rous Force,
 Starts like a Giant to his daily Course;
 His Morning Beams dispel the Shades of Night,
 Pour on our Hemisphere a Flood of Light,
 Give spritely Joy, and chear the ravish'd Sight;

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Throughout the Globe his genial Influence shed,
 Raifes th' enamell'd Flow'rs from *Nature's* Bed;
 Wak'd by his Heat, they grateful Incense yield,
 Disclose their Beauties, and adorn the Field:
 Treasures, that in the Earth deep bury'd lie,
 Spring at his Call to glad th' admiring Eye:
 His Pow'r mistaken Nations have ador'd,
 But piercing Reason views a greater Lord,
 Directs our Praise to God, who bids him shine,
 And tell the World his Maker is divine.

Nor is he lost when sunk in Western Skies,
 Then other Worlds rejoice to see him rise;
 Here, his Vicegerent Moon supplies his Place,
 And cheers the gloomy Shades with varying Face;
 Her fainter Rays and diff'rent Forms delight,
 And with new Scenes salute the gazing Sight;
 Now she's an Argent Field, anon we view
 A Crescent bright, the rest of sable hue;
 She makes ev'n Darkness please, and silvers Night,
 'Till Eastern Clouds glow with a rosy Light,
 And blithful Birds approaching Day declare,
 Display their Wings, and chant their Morning Pray'r.
 With

With her the Stars adorn the lofty Roof,
 Each yields of Pow'r immense resistless Proof;
 Silent they roll, yet find a Voice for Praise,
 And speak their Maker as they move or blaze:
 Deck'd in their radiant Robes, and rich Array,
 The spangled Night rivals the Charms of Day;
 Conscious they seem from whence their Glory sprung,
 And point the Hand by which their Orbs were flung;
 Obedient to his Voice they set and rise,
 And ceaseless travel through the boundless Skies.

Can we believe the Moon was made so bright,
 The Stars to twinkle with that brilliant Light,
 Only to gratify our wanton Sight?
 Are they not rather * Worlds, well stor'd as this,
 In which too many vainly place their Blifs?

The

* *The learned Bishop Wilkins, in his Discourse tending to prove, that it is probable there may be another habitable World in the Moon, says, "I must needs confess, though I had often thought with my self that it was possible there might be a World in the Moon, yet it seemed such an uncouth Opinion that I never durst discover it, for fear of being counted singular, and ridiculous; but afterwards having read Plutarch, Galileus, Kepler, with some others, and finding many of my own Thoughts confirm'd by such strong Authority, I then*

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The fixt Stars Suns, on which their Planets wait,
 And wheel in order, as they gravitate,
 While their Satellits in attendance dance,
 Moving to them, as they to those advance?
 Fainter their Light, yet still they lend their Aid,
 And brighten, with a milder Gleam, the Shade:
 Thus Worlds enlighten Worlds, and thus they stand
 Sure Tokens of unerring Wisdom's Hand!

Descend, presumptuous Muse; no farther pry
 In things beyond the reach of Mortal Eye;

"concluded, that it was not only possible there might be, but
 "probable that there was another habitable World in that Planet."

The same ingenious Author, when he is arguing, that a Plurality of Worlds doth not contradict any Principle of Reason or Faith, further says,

"Neither can this Opinion derogate from divine
 "Wisdom (as Aquinas thinks) but rather advance it, showing a
 "Compendium of Providence, that could make the same Body a
 "World and a Moon; a World for Habitation, and a Moon
 "for the Use of Others, and the Ornament of the whole Frame
 "of Nature. For as the Members of the Body serve not only
 "for the Preservation of themselves, but for the Use and the
 "Convenience of the whole, as the Hand protects the Head as
 "well as saves its self; so is it in the Parts of the Universe, where
 "each one may serve as well for the Conservation of that which
 "is within it, as the Help of others without it."

When we view those glorious Bodies, created for the Service of Man, who is there that joins not with the Psalmist? viz. When I consider the Heavens, the Work of thy Fingers, the Moon and Stars which thou hast ordained; What is Man, that thou art mindful of him? and the Son of Man, that thou visitest him?

Range

Range nearer home, where ev'ry Scene will prove
 Th' Immenfity of Wifdom and of Love:
 Here Man, the Lord of All, leads up the Train,
 And, uncontroll'd, of Pow'r directs the Rein;
 With Face erect th' Almighty's Works to read,
 Who though * unfeen, yet all his Prefence plead:
 How aptly fitted all his Members are,
 The Eye, the Ear, the Hand, the Foot declare;
 A mutual Sympathy in each unites,
 Our ev'ry Part We move as Will excites;
 As that directs, the Tongue the Voice fhall raife
 To grateful Song, and tune JEHOVAH's Praise,
 Or filent be while Thought delights to reign,
 And useful Knowledge from Reflexion gain.
 His Form and Structure wifely were design'd,
 A worthy Seat for an immortal Mind;
 His ev'ry Part's with wond'rous Beauty fraught,
 A little World in narrow Compafs wrought!

* *How admirably does Job fpeak of the invifible Omnipotent, when he fays? viz. Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: He hideth himfelf on the right hand, that I cannot fee him. Job xxiii. 8, 9.*

His

His Maker's Image, and his Maker's Care,
 To endless Glories an adopted Heir,
 If Passions vile usurp not Reason's Throne,
 And, unrestrain'd, the justest Laws disown!
 His Soul, when it shall drop this brittle Clay,
 Will to superior Regions wing its Way;
 Unbounded in its Ken, (from Prison free,)
 Will clearly view what here we darkly see:
 Those Planetary Worlds, and thousands more,
 Now veil'd from Human Sight, it shall explore;
 Each Faculty will then have full employ;
 And Pleasures vary, that can never cloy;
 No fruitless Wish, no barren Hope 'twill know,
 The Streams of Bliss for ever clear will flow;
 Fruition then with the Desire shall move,
 And all be Rapture, all ecstatic Love;
 All in the great Creator's Praise conspire,
 And with glad Transport join the sacred Choir!

A lovely Creature next commands my Song,
 Ev'n Beauty's Self, where all the Graces throng;
 'Tis Man refin'd, and such a Blaze of Charms,
 That Victors at her Feet resign their Arms;

Nay, Kings themselves their Sceptres here lay down,
 To Woman bend the Knee, her Empire own:
 Survey the Sex, view with the nicest Eye,
 And mark if two alike you can descry;
 They differ All, yet please and entertain,
 For Beauties numberless among them reign!
 Who varies thus Man's principal Delight,
 Or makes the Charmer pleasingly invite,
 And gay Desires in his glad Heart excite?
 This healing Balm of Life, kindly design'd
 To calm the Tempests of his raging Mind,
 All Softness is, and so divinely fair,
 That well may She in his Affections share:
 Her Form how beauteous! what Angelic Grace
 Dwells in each Feature of her lovely Face!
 Her Eye as sparkling, as her Aspect sweet,
 Where *Love*, all conqu'ring *Love*, has chose his Seat!
 Who streak'd her Breast with azure Veins, or bid
 The Channels open to a crimson Tide?
 Who form'd the Streams that nourish her fair Fruit
 With gradual Growth from Principles minute?

Say,

Say, Atheist, say, who did this Piece design,
 Or made the Fair One in such Lustre shine,
 That you, ev'n you, who nought beside adore,
 Yet here confess the Maker's gracious Pow'r?
 'Twas Heav'n's last Work, as if it meant to own
 It shou'd of the Creation be the Crown;
 Cou'd jumbling Atoms e'er in Dance unite,
 And form for Man this exquisite Delight?
 As well may flying Dust together join,
 And mould'a Being charming and divine.

If We t'inferior Creatures turn our Sight,
 We meet just cause for Wonder and Delight.
 Who gave the Lion such a dreadful Roar,
 Such Stateliness, of Strength so great a store?
 None can his wild impetuous Rage restrain,
 When, prest with Want, he scours along the Plain.
 The Elephant, so mountainous in Size!
 Did he from undefining Chance arise?
 Who views the Tiger fierce, and shaggy Bear,
 Will read the Marks of wise Contrivance there.
 The Leopard's Spots, that in such order stand,
 The Signets seem of the Creator's Hand,

Who fills the Forest with each rav'nous Brood,
And in the Wilderness provides 'em Food.

Who, to th'undaunted Horse can Beauty add?
His well-proportion'd Frame with Strength is clad;
In Terror drest, the verdant Vale he paws,
Yet artful Man this fiery Creature awes;
The whizzing Arrow, nor the pointed Spear,
Nor all the Horror of the thund'ring War,
His Courage quell; rejoicing in his Might,
He mocks at Fear, and rushes to the Fight!
He foams, curvets, seems to devour the Ground,
In Battel falls, or is with Conquest crown'd!
On the wide Plain, when the swift Courser flies,
What Eagerness he shows to win the Prize!
He scours along, disdainful of Disgrace,
And gains the Goal, or dies upon the Chace!

Mark well the Dog, his native Excellence,
How quick his Eye, his Ear, his ev'ry Sense!
His Passions, and his Memory, how strong,
He loves and hates, and can revenge a Wrong!
When he pursues the Game, and beats the Field,
How many Proofs of Reason does he yield!

His

His Master's Pleasure seems to be his Care,
 He fawns, he courts, in his Regard to share;
 Much more we in this knowing Creature find,
 Wonders as various as their diff'rent Kind.
 Does Instinct teach the *Beagle* how to choose
 The right, and ev'ry other Path refuse?
 Does Instinct bid the *Pointer* mark, and stay,
 Till he directs his Master to the Prey?
 Their Choice, if Instinct, or if Reason guides,
 O'er either still a sov'reign Pow'r presides.

The nimble Deer, that trip it o'er the Dale,
 The lowing Herds that joyous there regale;
 The bleating Flocks, the harmless sportful Lambs,
 That frisk and play around their tender Dams;
 In these, and thousands more, a God we trace,
 Whose Seal divine no Being can deface:
 All the grand Chorus join, and strongly prove
 His Hand has form'd them, thus to live and move;
 At whose command, to answer Human Need,
 They spread the Earth, Mankind to cloath and feed;
 While from her Bosom, bountiful Supplies
 To nourish us, and all these Creatures rise!

Th'harmonious

Th'harmonious Choir of Birds, their mirthful
Play,

Their Forms so pleasing, and their Plumes so gay,
No less Man's Eye, with Charms unnumber'd, chear,
Than their wild Musick ravishes his Ear:

Not half so splendid is the well-drest Bride,
As the brisk Warblers in their painted Pride;
Art dresses her; in these kind *Nature* shows
How her fair Work with dazzling Beauty glows!

Who plum'd the Pheasant, did his Feathers stain,
Or who dispos'd the Peacock's starry Train?

Who beautify'd the harmless cooing Dove,
That Emblem fair of Innocence and Love?

Did *Chance* command the Eagle bold to fly,
And teach her how to fix her Nest on high,

To lay her Eggs upon the craggy Steep,

In Safety there her craving Brood to keep?

Or did it give the Hawk that piercing Sight,
Those Tallons strong, and such a tow'ring Flight,
Instruct each feather'd Species thus to move,

And win their beauteous Mates with Songs of Love;

Then

Then with joint Care commodious Lodgings build,
 From the rude Blasts their callow Young to shield;
 There feed and nurse them, till the Wing they take,
 Their tender Pinions try, and Nests forsake?
 Ah! no; — the meanest Songster of the Air
 Shows Wisdom's lib'ral Hand, and gracious Care,
 In the rich Liv'ry that we see him wear;
 For without Beauty, or a tuneful Lay,
 They all might bounteous *Nature's* Laws obey.

Each little Insect, vile as it may seem,
 Rich Treasure yields for this unbounded Theme:
 Here lavish *Nature* We with Pleasure view,
 Dispensing Beauty, in Proportion true;
 Their Harmony of Parts, and Paint declare,
 Minute'st Forms in her Indulgence share:
 What shining Gloss and Polishing is thrown
 On ev'ry Limb her perfect Work to crown!
 How many thousands by the Silk-worm live,
 Thoughtless from whence their Riches they derive!
 Whoe'er is pleas'd with Ornament or Dress,
 This Creature's useful Labour must confess;

But

But who did its amazing Skill impart?
 Who taught 'em thus to spin with curious * Art?
 Their Work perform'd, soon they retreat and die,
 Then spring to Life a gaudy Butterfly!
 Wak'd from the Sleep of Death, again they rise,
 And skim along the Plains in bright Disguise!
 Here *Nature* seems a future Life to hint,
 And on th'attentive Mind that Truth to print,
 In Miniature before our Eyes to lay
 A Symbol of the last illustrious Day.
 'Twas there a despicable Worm, and here
 A beauteous † Bird, adapted for the Air!

* *The celebrated Mr. Boyle, in some of his Works, gives an Account of an ingenious Gentlewoman of his Acquaintance, that took much delight in keeping Silk-worms; who had once the Curiosity to draw out one of the Oval Cases, which the Creature spins, into all the filken Wire it was made up of, which, to the great wonder of all who saw it, appear'd to be by measure, much above 300 Yards, and yet weigh'd but two Grains and a half. — If we view the Work of this Creature, or any other, that are too commonly despis'd, with the Microscope, the further we search, the more cause we shall find for Admiration, especially when we compare them with the best Performances of Art, whose finest Polishes, thro' that noble Instrument, appears rude and irregular.*

† *I call it a Bird, since whoever examines this Creature with a Microscope will find, that the Meaty Substance, which is so easily rubb'd off from their Wings, or from those of any other Butterfly, is a curious variety of Feathers, which seem wisely dispos'd to answer the Purposes both of Use and Beauty.*

See,

See, there it creeps, and toils its Life away,
 Here it revives to Joy and mirthful Play!
 How much improv'd from what it was before!
 What Colours bright its Plumes are scatter'd o'er!
 What shining Gems spangle its little Wings!
 Tell Us what Hand that sparkling Treasure brings.
 Here a fair *Brilliant* twinkles forth a Flame,
 And there the *Saphire* casts a milder Gleam;
 Near it the *Em'rald* vivid Green displays;
 Mark where the *Ruby* darts its blushing Rays;
 The *Topaz* too, t'enrich this Creature seems,
 And on the Feathers sheds its golden Beams:
 Thus all these animated Jewels shine,
 And prove it finish'd by an Art divine!
 Since then a Worm forsakes the Earth and flies,
 And with Oriental Gems in Beauty vies,
 May we not hence, by Reason's Lore, conclude,
 The virtuous Soul, with noblest Pow'rs endu'd,
 Shall not at Death be sunk in endless Night,
 But to sublimer Regions wing her Flight?

Th'industrious Bees rove round the Flow'ry Field,
 To Man, their Lord, an annual Tribute yield;

D

Their

See,

Their balmy Stores collect, with pleasing Toil,
 From num'rous Sweets spread o'er th'embellish'd Soil:
 We rob their Hives, yet scarce a Thought bestow,
 On him who makes the Land with Honey flow;
 Who spreads the Herbage o'er the Pastures wide,
 And bids the cooling Currents thro' 'em glide;
 At whose Command the tender Buds unfold,
 And fertile Vales are cloath'd with waving Gold;
 Who form'd this Insect for the smiling Plains,
 Where Silence dwells, and native Beauty reigns:
 Attend their petty States, you'll clearly see
 The Signs of a well-order'd Policy;
 The little Spoilers work for common Good,
 And in the Summer lay up Winter's Food;
 No Bloom escapes them in the youthful Year,
 To ev'ry Flow'r with nimble Course they steer;
 Bending, at length, beneath the fragrant Weight,
 Homeward they fly, t'unload the luscious Freight.
 Now view the Fruit which from their Labour flows,
 And mark how they their curious Cells compose;
 Let Artists, if they can, show one Defect
 In all the Hexagons that they project;

A better Figure Reason cannot find,
 To form Apartments which are so combin'd,
 Than that, which in their Combs they have design'd!
 Their ev'ry Act, of Wisdom's a Display,
 Who, by this Creature, points us out the Way
 To manage wisely, and improve each Day.
 The busy Ant the same wise Lecture reads,
 And against Sloth, by her Example, pleads;
 All *Nature* acts the same; — why shou'd not We,
 Who boast of Reason, this Deluder flee?
 Wake then, ye slothful, and to Action rise,
 With Diligence pursue th'immortal Prize.

Behold the Spider there in Ambush lie,
 Her Net wide spread to take th'unwary Fly;
 Soon as it shoots into her filken Snare,
 And strives, with flutt'ring Wing, its self to clear,
 The little Captive from her Nest she spies,
 And hastens down to seize th'entangled Prize;
 Just so the Angler, by his snary Wiles,
 And artful Bait, his silver'd Prey beguiles.
 How fine the curious Spinster winds her Thread,
 And in what Order each of them is laid;

Hollow and slack the stormy Winds t'endure,
 Her well-wrought Piece the better to secure!
 Here Parallels exactly drawn! and there
 She intersects them with an equal Care,
 Knotting each Angle, lest they shou'd displace,
 Confuse the Frame, and the neat Web disgrace,
 Where she the Geometrician seems to play,
 As we Triangles similar survey!
 Now mark her in the Center of her Lines,
 And how she wards against her Foe's Designs;
 For break the Net-work fair (her sunny Seat)
 You'll find she has contriv'd for a Retreat,
 Can soon repair the rude Invasion made,
 And build again what Ruin Waste has laid!
 To what shall we ascribe her wond'rous * Art?
 Can *Chance* design? — Can *Chance* such Skill impart?

* *Well may this Creature claim our Regard, and its Works be said to be wonderful, since it has not been beneath the Notice of the wisest of Men; for in Solomon's Proverbs, Chap XXX, Verse 24, it is said, There be four Things which are little upon the Earth, but they are exceeding wise. Among these we find the Spider is named for one; as also that little People the Ants: Mean as they appear in the World of Insects, yet whoever closely observes them, cannot fail of agreeing with the Learned, that Deus maximus est in minimis, and confessing, that the more we know of Nature, the more we are led to the Knowledge of God.*

Performances

Performances like these disown a Cause,
 Estrang'd to Order, Decency, and Laws.
 Did not Aversion blind Man's feeble Eye,
 He in these Creatures Beauty might descry,
 Observe that they, and ev'ry pois'nous Brood
 All live and move, and serve for Publick Good,
 Not more the Venom-darting Vipers give
 Death to Mankind, than by their Aid we live:
 Say, *Mead*, how they the languid Frame restore,
 And from th'Effect the wondrous Cause explore;
 With less of Penetration We may read
 Their ev'ry Use by Wisdom was decreed.

As Heav'n's high Roof a glorious Azure bears,
 And is adorn'd with Worlds, or glitt'ring Stars;
 So this fair Globe is beautify'd with Green,
 Where Flow'rs are strow'd t'enrich each vary'd Scene:
 This lively Colour aids the weaken'd Sight,
 That in our Maker's Works We may delight;
 The Gloom of Grief dispels, and cheers the Mind,
 When sunk with Woe, and to Despair inclin'd:
 How gracious then, how bountiful is He,
 Who orders All for Man's Felicity?

Nor

Nor Words, nor force of Numbers can describe
 The num'rous Beauties of the Flow'ry Tribe:
 The Primrose first leads up the blooming Train,
 The Harbinger of *Spring*, but short its Reign;
 The purple Vi'let next, with grateful Sweet,
 Reveals its Charms, and makes a quick Retreat;
 Now the gay Tulip opens to the View,
 Allures a-while, and when it bids adieu,
 Plants numberless in bright Succession rise,
 And ev'ry Season store with rich Supplies:
 The blushing Rose, the Pink, the Lilly fair,
 With millions more, that fill with Sweets the Air,
 So richly are array'd, that all must own
 The least exceeds the * Glories of a Crown;
 For Gems, by Human Art, are taught to shine,
 But Flow'rs are polish'd by a Hand divine.
 Each Field, each Hedge, when in their vernal Pride,
 And checquer'd Dress, in lively Colours dy'd;
 The Verdure of the gently-rising Hills,
 Or Mountain Tops, where bright *Aurora* smiles;

* Consider the Lillies of the Field how they grow; they toil not, nei-
 ther do they spin. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all
 his Glory was not array'd like one of these. Math. vi. 28, 29.

The splendid Flourish of the pleasing Vale,
 Where rural Scenes the joyous Soul regale,
 Where through the Glebe distils the gentle Rain
 To raise the Flow'rs, and swell the teeming Grain;
 Where ripen'd Corn before the Sickle bends,
 And from the Pow'r of meagre Want defends;
 The bubbling Fountain, and the limpid Stream,
 The Haunt of Lovers, and the Poet's Theme;
 The Landskips which in gay Confusion lie,
 And charm, in ev'ry View, the ravish'd Eye;
 All these th'attentive Admiration feed,
 And with one Voice eternal Wisdom plead.

Mark where the gliding Rivers urge their Way,
 And through the Lawns with wanton Windings stray;
 Here Ofier Canopies their Waters shade,
 There they peep out, and sport along the Glade,
 While Day's bright Regent, with his glorious Beams,
 Salutes, and silvers o'er the rilling Streams:
 What Hand their never-ceasing Waste supplies?
 Who bids the bury'd Springs to feed 'em rise?
 These, in their Turn, th' Omnipotent declare,
 And, flowing, speak his Providential Care.

Observe

Observe the smiling Orchards, view their Bloom,
 Whence the mild *Zephyrs* steal a rich Perfume;
 All this fair Tribe, which now delight the Eye,
 Folded at first did in small Kernels lie!
 Who furnish'd them with their prolific Store,
 To spring to Life, then bud, and stain their Flow'r?
 Who thus embellishes their diff'rent Fruit,
 And wisely spreads beneath the Earth each Root?
 Who paints the Orange with that lovely Hue,
 Yellow's the Lemmon, dyes the Plumb with Blue,
 Reddens the Cherry, or the Apple streaks,
 And gives those Blushes to the Peach's Cheeks?
 Sure none but He, who kindly hath decreed,
 While He supplies of Humankind the Need,
 Their Food shall be as pleasing to the Sight,
 As it is grateful to the Appetite;
 For they might nourish, and as wholesome prove,
 Should *Nature* thence her curious Paint remove.
 Here Use and Beauty join, and all for Man,
 Cou'd more be giv'n to chear Life's narrow Span?

The tow'ring Trees, and all the Leafy Train,
 Which crown the Mountains, or adorn the Plain,

From

From lowly Shrubs ev'n to th'aspiring Pine;
 Declare a wise Intent, and grand Design;
 Their vary'd Forms and Verdures charm the Sight,
 And as they spring for Use, they spread Delight.
 Small were the Seeds which Trees did first inclose,
 Ere they to beautify this *Eden* rose;
 Mean as an Acorn seems, yet springs from thence
 BRITANNIA'S Glory, and her strong Defence;
 Hence Castles floating o'er the pathless Main,
 To distant Worlds proclaim her spacious Reign;
 She scatters Terror, and Respect commands,
 And gives her gentle Laws in foreign Lands.
 All this the Oak to her fair Mistress yields,
 When call'd to aid her from the smiling Fields;
 But whilst she stands, in lofty Pride array'd,
 Her Form is comely, pleasing is her Shade:
 As this and other Plants with Grandeur rise,
 Turn We to Beauty's Source our ravish'd Eyes,
 Adore the Pow'r whom Realms of Light surround,
 Whose mighty Hand in all his Works is found.

Behold those Wilds, a Length of Lands untill'd,
 Yet these, ev'n these, a pleasing Horror yield;

E

To

To more delightful Scenes they stand a Foil,
 And teach us how to prize th'enamell'd Soil.
 So *Phæbus*' Rays, oppos'd to low'ring Night,
 With radiant Lustre shine more prevalently bright.
 Hid in these pathless Wastes, the Beasts of Prey
 Lodge in close Dens, and range th'untravell'd Way;
 By this Allotment of the Savage Kind,
 Their Rage to lonely Defarts is confin'd.
Nature in change of Aspects takes delight,
 Here she surprizes, there she charms the Sight;
 Now she's familiar in the Fields and Groves,
 Anon she shifts, and awful Wonder moves!

If with the Microscope you aid the Eye,
 Worlds within Worlds, in Miniature * you'll spy;
The

* " Our weak Eyes, help'd by Mechanick Art, discover in these
 " Works a hidden Scene of Wonders; Worlds within Worlds,
 " of infinite Minuteness, though as to Art still equal to the great-
 " est, and pregnant with more Wonders than the most discerning
 " Sense, joined with the greatest Art, or the acutest Reason, can
 " penetrate or unfold. *Earl of Shaftsbury.*

*My deceas'd Friend, Mr. Henry Needler, on a Subject of this na-
 ture, has bestow'd some Praises on that most admirable Invention, the
 Microscope, in the following manner, viz. " What wonderful Dis-
 " coveries have been made by the help of this noble Instrument!
 " How many beautiful and surprizing Works of the all-wise Cre-
 " ator, had for ever lain conceal'd in their own Minuteness, if this
 " had not discover'd them to Us? By this artificial Eye, We are*
" enabled

The rip'ning Plumb, array'd in glossy Blue,
 Demands Attention and the closest View:
 See! here unnumber'd Creatures live and move,
 And round its Orb with endless Labour rove!
 The hardest Rocks with teeming Life abound,
 Each Leaf and Flow'r with Forms minute is crown'd!
 Drop on thy Glass one Speck of quick'ning Spawn,
 While scaly Broods, of Life are in the Dawn,
 You'll find a Flood, and Fish in wanton Play,
 More faintly moving as it dries away!
 Who thus will the all-wise Creator trace,
 The Works of Wisdom never can disgrace.

Once more, my Muse, indulge the pleasing Strain,
 And view, with awful Joy, the boundless Main;

" enabled to look into a thousand Curiosities, of which our natural
 " Sight could have given Us no information; to pry into the most
 " secret Recesses of Nature, and examine the artful Mechanism
 " and Organick Contexture of the smallest Creatures. This has
 " assur'd us, that the Animal World is much larger than is com-
 " monly imagin'd; that every Corner of *Nature* is stock'd and
 " crowded with infinite Numbers of little Inhabitants; and that
 " there are more Insects, imperceptible to the naked Eye, in a
 " Drop of Vinegar, than there are Men upon the Earth. And
 " what Wonder? When this terrestrial Globe, which we think
 " so vast, is, in comparison of the boundless Extension of the
 " Universe, only a little Atom, swimming among Myriads of
 " others in the liquid *Æther*; and We may be consider'd as the
 " Insects who possess and inhabit it."

Hither the wand'ring Clouds their Fleeces* bend,
 On thirsty Lands their wat'ry Stores to spend.
 Who was it scoop'd this spacious Oozy Bed,
 And to th'Abyfs th'obedient Waters led?
 Who fixt those Rocks, those Adamantine Bars,
 Against whose Force the Waves wage fruitless Wars?
 Or who did in the Deep unfathom'd place
 Such various Creatures of the Finny Race,
 Furnish'd those Chambers dark, where Terrors sleep,
 Till raging Storms along the Surface sweep,
 And waken them, in all their dire Array,
 T'amaze the Floods, raise Mountains in the Sea,
 While the fierce Light'nings blaze, and Thunders rise,
 O'er Oceans roar, and bellow through the Skies?
 See there the Whale! the Sea's *Leviathan*,
 The Mighty view him, and with Fear are wan;
 His finny Oars make the wide Deep to foam,
 When thro' its liquid Roads he's pleas'd to roam;

* This alludes to the *Waterspouts*, very common in the Mediterranean Sea, where, in great Heats, Clouds often descend to the Surface thereof, and draw up vast Quantities of Water, which may prove dangerous to Ships if they chance to break near them, on account of the falling Floods which trouble the Ocean around'em. Thus Nature, in very dry Seasons, supplies her self with liquid Stores, and distils them on the parch'd Earth; when the Exhalations from it have been so great, that the falling Dews yield it but little Comfort.

He drinks up Rivers, spouts them out again,
 Whose falling Streams furrow the swelling Main:
 What can with him compare? — behold him move!
 The strongest Billows no Resistance prove
 To him, who cleaves 'em with as swift a Pace,
 As Hawks divide the Air when on the Chace!

Behemoth next, the wily Crocodile,
 Well known to Bord'ers on the ancient Nile,
 Claims our Regard; — Observe his Muscles strong!
 His Scales, like Shields, impenetrably throng
 Around him, and so close together lie,
 That he the keenest Weapons may defy:
 Coated in Iron, or if ribb'd with Brass,
 He cou'd not more th'Assailant's Skill surpass!
 When through the Deep he roves, or steers his course,
 The surging Waves confess his mighty Force,
 Lash'd by his Tail, each in Confusion moves,
 And the distracted Sea all hoary proves!
 Where wanting Prey, he hastens to the Land,
 Is hid in Fens, and awes the neighb'ring Strand;
 There lords it over all th'amphibious Train,
 Or Conquest spreads into the raging Main;

His

He

His wat'ry Haunts produce him not a Foe,
 Nor does his fearless Sway Resistance know;
 All Creatures shun him as they wou'd their Fate,
 Since Death and Terror on his Motions wait;
 By their Dismay, he learns deceitful Wiles,
 And the Dissembler oft his Prey beguiles.

Myriads of Beings yet unsung remain,
 Beyond what Thought can reach, or Fancy feign.
 From this wide Treasury what Riches flow,
 Both neighb'ring Realms and distant Nations know:
 Let *Holland* tell what Profit thence she drains,
 What copious Wealth she by the *Herring* gains:
 Scarce more from the *Peruvian* Mines can spring,
 Than to this State their various Fish'ries bring!
 Let Others too the vast Amount declare,
 Of Food and Riches which from hence they bear;
 Weigh these in Reason's Balance, and you'll find,
 That Heav'n for Human Use the Sea design'd.

The Nations of these wat'ry Realms survey,
 Or those that nearer home in Rivers stray,
 All will appear most wonderfully wrought,
 Each perfect in its Kind, with Beauty fraught;

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Guarded with Shells, or silver'd o'er with Scales,
 A Fitness to perform their Parts prevails:
 As Birds are nicely pois'd to fly in Air,
 So these thro' grosser Fluids nimbly steer.

What Hand provides this Element with Food,
 Or satisfies the Tenants of the Flood?

Their diff'rent Forms, adapted to their Sphere,
 To hunt for Prey, or fly when Danger's near;
 Their just Proportion, and their ready Eye,
 To take in Objects that far distant lie;
 Say, do not these from perfect Wisdom flow?
 Could less than GOD such Largeesses bestow?

Man from this scaly Train first learnt to ride
 O'er wat'ry Mountains, and the Seas divide;
 Their Form * instructed first a Boat to rear,
 Their Fins to move it, and their Tails to steer;

Succeeding

* It is natural to suppose, that the Form of Fish gave the first Hints for the manner of building a Boat, since to pass over the Sea it was necessary to consult the Frame of Creatures in that Element; And if from these the first Model was collected, it was proper to consider also by what Means they were moved: Now as the Rudder and Oars are of the same Use to a Bark, as the Fins and Tail are to Fish, We may reasonably conclude, that the Knowledge of Shipping was deriv'd from them. But taking all this for meer Conjecture,

Succeeding Ages still improv'd the Plan,
 Till now it shines the noblest Work of Man:
 Thus the tall Ship did from low Skiffs arise,
 And with expanded Wings o'er Ocean flies:
 Hence new Discov'ries, distant Worlds are found,
 And Earth's remotest Shores We travel round;
 To cool *Britannia*, sultry *India* join,
 Gain *Peru's* Wealth, while others dig the Mine!
 Nay more! — Hence We diffuse Religion's Light,
 And pour the Day on Realms o'erwhelm'd with Night;
 Hence Truths divine o'er all the World are shed,
 And *Pagans* to the Paths of Glory led!

The Book of *Nature* open lies to all,
 Let Man consult the great Original;
 Where, by one Page, he will more Knowledge gain,
 Than all the Volumes in the World contain!

ture, certain it is, that later Times have consulted the Form of Fish, in respect to the building of Ships; and the Make of the nimblest of them has been so consider'd in the Fabrick of these, that the Swift-ness of their Motion is probably owing to this Observation.

F I N I S.